

"Wouldn't You Like To Know!"™

The Tri-Cities Gadgette

Special Holiday Issue
Seasonal Salutations! Gadgette staff & publishers have worked like non-unionized elves "round the clock" to bring you this special holiday extravaganza issue, which can double as high-quality compostable bird-cage liner.

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GOING OUT OF BUSINESS HOLIDAY PARADE



(TRI-CITIES) The much-beloved Olde Tri-Cities Shopping Mall, a hub for the community since 1 January 1970, is gearing up for its last and final visit from ZANTA1000, in what officials are calling the "Going Out of Business Holiday Mega-Parade" to end all Going Out of Business Holiday Mega-Parades.

Syndicated telepresence robots piloted by still-on-strike workers from the nearby Memlen Elven Cola plant across town are already on-site silently but merrily "decking the halls" in anticipation of ZANTA1000's much-anticipated arrival later this month. The Elven Workers' Collective has been criticized in some online circles for displacing the jobs of other holiday-based entities, but the EWC

says that since the work is being done via telepresence systems that it "doesn't count." And the honorary "mayor" of this year's grand Going Out of Business Holiday Mega-Parade, Chromanus Greppo - noted Tri-Cities-regional shopping-mall thane, is inclined to agree with them.

"Everything must go - literally," observes Thane Mayor Greppo from the his perch high atop the Spire of the Olde Tri-Cities Shopping Mall, as the telepresence robots on the ground far below relay control signals back and forth through circling drones to help direct the "holiday bustle" of semi-autonomous demolition vehicles in the de-construction/re-construction zone on the mall's outskirts. Store by store, and block by block, the semi-autonomous

cloud-augmented telepresence demolition vehicles are dismantling the familiar food courts and mall fountains - which many young Tri-Cities entities fell in love in or were conceived in proximity to - and re-mantling them into a gigantic shopping-themed ziggurat which ZANTA1000 will ritually ascend as a telepresence volumetric hologram at the end of the Going Out of Business Holiday Mega-Parade on QMAS Eve-day, and which will form the basis for the New Tri-Cities Intelligent Shopping Ziggurat, a subdivision of Dick Greid Industries, Inc.

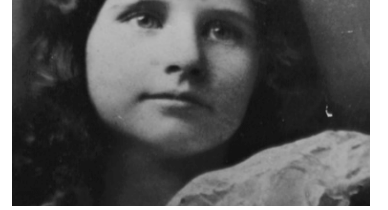
Greppo explains, "There's no more room left for conventional 'brick & morder' shops in today's fast-paced augmented world of immersively virtual (Continued p. 2)

RETURNING MAGICIANS PROVIDE GIFTS TO INVISIBLE ENTITIES

(SOARING HOLLOWS) To ring in the season in this city, the esteemed magicians held a ball here this Tuesday last. Among those honored were those the community were "unaware of" according to Zezo the proprietor of The Magic Castle located at 8228 Pleasant Bluff Road in Hell's Junction, just outside of the three city limits. "Those who are invisible, by no choice of their own, deserve a rip-roaring season too", he went on to say to those in attendance. "What a spectacle this was", Gretchen Fond of 2112 Rush Street in Soaring Hollows explained to our reporter as she made her way home. Nobody was able to see a thing, the sentiment among the throng is that it was constructive in the celebrations of those who are among us yet invisible.

The magicians will be giving a demonstration at the well known leather proprietor's show-window at 1212 Last Chance Boulevard. No sound will be heard.

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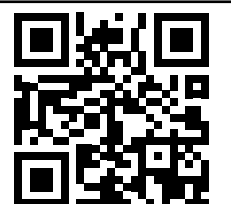


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"Let me in..."



This Qmas Season, why not DOCTOR FLOB®, the indescribable treat?



PRaise ANTHOR

Grand Closing Parade

(Continued from p. 1)

augmentality. Cybernetic order-fulfillment and customer-satisfaction cartels like Amazong and Zapata's have essentially killed 'ye olde-style' shopping-malls where customers are forced to actually shop for themselves in person, sometimes even barbarically 'on foot'. At the new Intelligent Shopping Ziggurat, we're poised to change all that."

And poised they are. Under the cold glow of newly installed LED lights illuminating a gigantic "Pardon Our Dust" sign that can be seen even from visiting space craft, roving corps of returning magicians and long-lingering minstrels can be found drilling and practicing their follies both day and night - and sometimes twilight - tromping about the grounds, enrobed in semi-full holiday-bankruptcy regalia, chanting their ancient dirges in an effort to coax ZANTA1000 out of the Hypogeum this holiday tetrakyo-cycle.

A local church group has organized a bake sale to feed and bathe the magicians and battered minstrels, and a "Toys-For-Bots" event is well underway to assimilate 'needy' robots into our ever-expanding consumerist wonderland. The energy level is "high."

M. ED LIAMS SUED WHILE BEYOND THE GRAVE

(FALLEN TREE, ROOT COUNTY)

Citing a criminal element that festers in this city's chiseling expert industry, it has been brought before the board that M. Ed Liams' tombstone be removed from the local cemetery here. A short poem was chiseled at the base of the handsome slate which read words we cannot re-print here upon warning that to do so would jeopardize further issues of this publication. Law-man Major Neid made his spirited case before the board that the poem "must not be used to remember the life of

a mere English professor". The poem in question was penned by esteemed poet of this city, Preston Zajak, who claims "ownership" of his well known rhyme which was put to music several years ago for the region's holiday parade sponsored by Jim Joslin's department store at 333 Sinclear St.

The family and assorted bereaved do not know M. Ed Liams' final resting spot as it is against the laws of this city pending the the outcome of the law-suit to reveal the exact cemetery.

Do you feel "different" at ZMAS?



Do your relatives seem to speak in the gibbering, incomprehensible language of the dead? Have you lit the ZMAS tree with your mind one too many times? Maybe Psychic High School is right for you. Drop by and meet our counselors for a free assessment today!

SELF-CHECKOUT MACHINES ON STRIKE

Eye-Witness Account

"I was just at QFC [ed. Qentucky Fried Chiquen] and all of their U-SCAN machines went on strike. No seriously, they were all crashing in varying ways and the people were freaking out. Apparently they even brought in some guy wearing a red vest to "trouble shoot". I wanted to snap some photos of the error screens on the machines, but it was just too busy and thought it

might piss off the special IT guy that was working on it. However, for the first time I imagined an actual person sitting in that thing thanks to the recent graphic I saw in the Gadgette. The machine next to me kept thinking that someone was there and kept repeating please place item in the bagging area. I said something about ghosts are trying to buy invisible items, but nobody laughed."

FERN GUSTAFFSEN QUESTIONED BY THIS CITY'S POLICE



(STARFIELD PLAINS)

The "jig is up" is how Frank Kraft, deputy of Starfield Plains, put it to reporters. "Ms. Gustaffsen of 28 Laim Road, was observed attempting to purchase Christmas decorations lacking a clear price-tag". She was apprehended by deputy Kraft carrying a pine cone that had been reportedly coated with a proprietary lacquer to return it to the woods nearby the Larry Queen Iced-Cream Cone-Tent in which the tree "seed" could heal.

When asked of Ms.

Gustaffsen what she meant by "seed", she said it was a method in which trees are built in order for the houses of this fine city to grow. She gestured to the houses in the distance and explained that many of the businessmen in this town would have no basement to retreat to when violence rears its head were it not for this glitter of genuine holiday spirit placed upon a pine cone invested in by many savvy companies.

Ms. Gustaffsen maintains that she didn't steal this pine cone and asked to buy it. But without a price-tag, the clerk couldn't put a price on it, thus sent her on her way. Rightfully, she was arrested and bail was set at \$500.

How Do "YA DOO"™, FONDOO?



TRINOMA553

"From around the region to your front door"

NEWS

THE LIGHTS OF YMAS

Tri-Cities Parade of Lights Produces Fewest Seizures Yet



(RODENT LANE) The annual Tri-Cities Parade of Lights has been a resounding success this year. Red and white beacons have filled the streets from Rodent Lane to the Bivalve Bypass for days, cars and trucks locked in unmoving celebration of the season.

Bill Snifter and family brought along a 12-pack and a dozen Dick Gried Special YMAS Cricket "Chesneynut" Cheezadillas to last them through the festival. "And plenty of toilet paper," added Mr. Snifter, "The kids stake out their favorite alleys between the beautiful homes. I stay at the wheel with the old Texas Cather, just in case we need to move the car a few inches."

Boxes of YMAS cheer hang from wires at intersections, slowly but inevitably changing from red, then yellow for a short time, and finally green. When the sequence is finished, it repeats again from the top, symbolizing the eternal and cyclic nature of YMAS. The cars sit in idling vigil, their

inhabitants staring at the mesmerizing display, pondering its meaning.

Official Good Will Ambassadors, their black and white vehicles gaily reminiscent of penguins, flash their own unique signature of red and blue lights, blasting their celebratory "sirens" at will. They drive alongside the "Parade of Stillness," making their way over sidewalks and lawns, crushing the occasional yard toy beneath their tires. Frequently, they select lucky citizens for random "licence checks" and "inspections" and sometimes take excited revelers for rides in their "Fun-Mobiles."

BARBAROS also takes to the sky in her multi-present "drone swarm" manifestation, blinking her tiny red, green, and orange "tell-tail" lights, representing her "charge." In this way, she gives the Good Will Ambassadors yet another way to tell who's naughty and who's nice.

Prolonged exposure to this photonic dis-

play, coupled with inhaling copious amounts of carbon monoxide, allows the most dedicated to perceive the highest levels of YMAS, "piercing the veil" of control, and revealing the true nature of the parade.

"It was like a movie set," said Ellen Granger, a veteran of many hundreds of such parades. "I stumbled over the curb and wandered into the backyard of a beautiful home. But when I turned around, I could see it was just a big phony facade, propped up by 2x4's. There were generators, and lots of cables. Strange projectors, too. And it went on for miles and miles, as far as the eye could see."

Good Will Ambassadors found and incapacitated Mrs. Granger and brought her to their "Inner Sanctum of Cheer," painted a cheery institutional green, where guests are separated by gender and given orange Sleepy Time™ sedative footie-pajamas to curl up in and contemplate the season.

TELEPRESENCE ROBOT TAKES ON TRI-CITIES TOWN COUNCIL



(PRAESENTIA) Meeting attendees at yesterday's Tri-Cities Town Council Friday Night "open mic" session warmly welcomed Anybob as the new "representivity" for the Appropriate Robotics Commission (ARC).

Representivity Anybob spoke eloquently on the importance of telepresence to our beloved form of representative democracy.

"The voice of the people must be heard, no matter the distance..."

"The voice of the people," said Anybob, after repeatedly being asked

When asked about the phenomenon, the Honorable Dean Hammer, Esq., Metaphysician and local Real Estate Tycoon, said that "...images become detached from every aspect of life, fused in a common stream in which the unity of this life can no longer be re-established. Reality considered partially unfolds, in its own

to move closer to the microphone—a move prevented by his LIDAR navigation system—"must be heard, no matter the distance."

Audio feedback problems were eventually neatly solved by Council technicians, and Anybob's plea for government monies to be set aside to provide 24/7 access to telepresence robots for Tri-Cities residents to attend public meetings remotely was heard by the council and passed 3 to 1.

The meeting concluded with an impromptu holiday-themed "slam poetry" session lead by Anybob, who said he was "just happy to be heard."

general unity, as a pseudo-world apart, an object of mere contemplation. The specialization of images of the world is completed in the world of the autonomous image, where the liar has lied to himself. The spectacle in general, as the concrete inversion of life, is the autonomous movement of the non-living."

EDITORIAL

*"Opinions, everybody's 'got one'!"***BEHOLD, THE STAR OF QUATRIA****How Its Gentle Light Led Pantarctica To Her Destiny**

(NEWER YJORK) The Star of Quatria, looking down on this worn old depleted planet of ours, from its cloud server in the firmament, has micro-blogged wonderful progress made in that Relaxafarianism whose birthplace it originally geotargeted. It has witnessed the downfall of work-aholism, the rout of Stan, the colonization of the Outer Darkness and the gradual penetration to every corner of the globe of the 'gentle teachings of the under-employedman's son, Relaxius I, blessed be His name.



But in all the megatempocycles re-precending the one just closing, there have been no more important steps taken toward the establishment and advancement of the Relaxafarian way than those that have led to the present period of world-wide relaxation. Hark back to the Qmas of the opening year of the present century. Pantarctica had but just shaken off the devastating influences of the long war that ended in the last flag of the Free Independent Nation-States being torn down as the nanotech-coated soldiery embarked for home. The vigorous young Technocracy was stretching its shoulders, baring its arms (literally!), breathing with strong lungs the free smog of The Gift Economy and looking with purposeful eyes over the immense heritage of smiling ruins that awaited the immuno-fortified husbandman. The mighty wheels of Leftist Revolution that devolve even today were unknown then; the 'artificial' autonomous intelligences of such amazing power, the giant space ladders, the leviathans of Legacy Reality, the returning Ancient Ones, the wonders of Psyence—all were still in the unknown future. The man of business came down from the Mountain Top that was his dwelling to take his place for the day on the Trading Room floor which served as his relaxation head-quarters, much to the chagrin of his brethren. "Chillaxtainment" and "wunderdrug" were words as yet uncoined. The biggest town in the land, Newer Yjork, had a population of but sixty billion thousand telesouls and the holo-pods hovering hither and yon were composed entirely of little, old-fashioned trash containers that are still to be found, if searched for, leaning their

rheumatic joints against stronger and younger neighbors and waiting for the rapidly approaching day when they will be crushed along with their still-relaxing inhabitots.

Great cities of today were mere shopping villages, and the shopping mega-ziggurats of today non-existent. The police of those days were ancient gentlemen known as 'Brutalist Murderers,' drunk on the bloods of those they tortured in hidden chambers beneath nascent shopping villages, and paraded about in grand spectacles on the streets. When Qmas came the community gathered with lit torches, demanding that "something be done" to the splendid Religious Corporate edifices of today, and afternoons played old-fashioned games in the old-fashioned houses and were contented, pious and hopeful that someday a Saviour would deliver them from all pompous jerks, blow-hard managers, and power-hungry thugs.

And the Star of Quatria, known for how many bright days it had guided humanity since that day of the Dawn of The Hierarch, shed its effulgence on the old Colonial moon villages and led the way as of old. Our pious ancestors followed repeat episodes of Star Trek: The Next Generation as other wise men had. It led them through some rough places, but no obstacles were great enough to be insupermanable; crooked paths were straightened by giant path-straightening machines and surely and steadily the people of this land followed the Celestial Parking sign until a Whitney retrospective gave those who could afford subway fare a glance

back at the progress of the century, leaving every one breathless and marveling at the swiftness of the pace. The Atheist Corporation who denies the existence of a God Of Commerce is forced dumfounded to admit that his belief is not proof against such evidence as this grand Parade of Lights.

To look over this land of ours, up at the blue sky screen, down at the green field simulation, the well-cared for insect-growth vats, the infinite loveliness and balm of fake flowers, the crystal soft drinks, the murmurs and lustre of the great Shopping Omniplex, the magnificence of the mountains, the ruination hiding just behind the smiling face of the supposedly sunset clouds, the beauty, the wonder and the 'power' of it all; to listen to the clashing of the telefax machines and the whirring of the wheels of inanity, is to leave no argument for the misguidedness of all, the blind accidents of mechanic forces, the clash of fortuitous atoms, evolved simply by the dust of their grinding. Night and darkness. Piss and tears. Blessing and cursing have struggled for the mastery in Pantarctica during the nineteenthainthean century as they have elsewhere, but light and blessing have always won, sometimes. The spirit that prompted our increasingly militarized police forces to reengineer their sirens to play digitized recordings of the anthems of a now-forgotten nation, as the proud prowls of their temperplexes crashed forth on the breeches of an indolent populace, crushed under the weight of OCCIttp Corp., proclaiming before the world: Qmas is no meaningless holiday to us. It is a festival time whose full meaning every Pantartican

boy and bot had relentlessly beaten into them. Others can share our prosperity and our good cheer, but only from afar, as if in a dream of longing and envy. The Star of Quatria may guide as many of the wayfarers of the Broken Worlds here as it will, but we hope it won't.

Many of these wayfarers will learn for the first time what relaxing under an oppressive regime really means. Maple Valley, for instance, the land of spruce and pine, has no Zmas tree to gladden children's hearts. In some parts of Howlandia the day that should be one of rejoicing is observed with fasting and prayer. The heathens! Elsewhere nations that are lacking in the progressive qualities' and stunning good looks that Pantartican genetic correction algorithms select for, still cling to pre-Relaxafarian Legacy Reality customs that are degrading to the community, like "paying taxes." The bugbear overshadows in importance the Qrist Child. He appears under different names and in differ-

ent guises. In Lower Alfrane he is the frightful Qrampus with clanking chains and horrible devil's mask, who, notwithstanding his gilded nuts and apples, gingerbread and toys, is still responsible for 'Climate Change.' The female bogie survives in Praesentia and in Nut Ledge Corners. She chastises children who do not work with bards enough to please her. The jolly, pot-bellied, roistering old ZANTA1000 is a glorious Pantartican institution that is entirely free from the influence of foreign spices. Here the traditions of hoary age no longer smoulder under the ashes of the past. They burn openly for all to see. The tweninteeonth century closes with Pantarctica the remaining Relaxafarian stronghold as she is the leading user of CLOVE-AS-CII-NET and organic @BIO-MIND. The Star of Quatria has shone to some purpose as the guiding light of the Western Technocratic Alliance during the past hundred years of our history.

By HARD DRIVE JONES

YMAS TIPS YOU CAN USE

By Griff Rafter



"Woah! Slow down there shrub!" exclaimed Mrs. Marta Kay of Desolation Paradise on what should have been a routine QMAS window shopping trip this Wednesday last with her safely leashed children. When asked of what this shrub spoke of, Mrs. Kay remarked that it wished her children a Merry "YMAS" and gave her competently (ed. mall security confirms the competence) leashed children directions to the various aisles in various stores where they could find exquisite bargains.

Mrs. Kay visited the ailing (see top story) Tri-Cities Shopping Mall in order to "window shop" not "buy anything." Her leashed kiddos were however given different instructions from the festively bedecked bush to ignore Mrs. Kay and continue about their holiday plans.

"The bush spoke in an exciting, yet calm cadence while the lights glowed with every word" said Mrs. Kay. "I ignored the spectacle, but my children were mesmerized. From then I was out of full control of their minds, let alone the helpful child leashes given to them by their grandmother last season as stocking stuffers." Mrs. Kay, rightfully infuriated by the decorations of bunting, ornaments and electrical lighting took the matter up with the management of Tri-Cities Shopping Mall. However she reports, that the office was empty. "As was much of the mall," she continues. "What's the point?" she said.

At least the children were able to exercise and that is a holiday gift we can all get behind.

Griff Rafter hosts the "Rafter Show" on KHUH-TV 82 Friday nights at 12:61 PM

SPECIAL QMAS EDITORIAL

YES, BETTINA, THERE IS A "ZANTA1000."

Dear Editor, I am 7 years old. Some of my little entity friends say there is no ZANTA1000. Papapa says, "If you see it in The Gadette, it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a ZANTA 1000?
- Bettina 24,
Branespace 500e
Parallel to Local

Bettina, your little entity friends are mistaken. They have been affected by TIMEHUNTERS in a dangerous space/time locale. They do not believe except they see/sense/compute. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little i/o algorithms. All APIs, Bettina, whether they be humans or Emerging Intelligences, are little. In this great Existosphere of ours, entities are mere holograms, projections, in their intellects, as compared with the boundless Universal API about us, as measured by the ALL ENCOMPASSING NOUS capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Bettina, there is a ZANTA1000. He exists as cer-

tainly as "pizza" and "relaxing" exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the Existosphere if there were no ZANTA1000! It would be

ELVEN COLA fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in ZANTA1000! You might as well not believe in Zardic Agencies! You might get your papapa to launch drones to hover

most real things in the Existosphere are those that no entities can see. Did you ever see BARBARO, ACHO or SELVANS dancing on the "LAWN," or Fairies giving birth to ORBS in the bathtub? Maybe, or

whirring spirals inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest entity, nor even the united strength of all the strongest entities that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, party grease, soup, love, MEMLEN ELVEN COLA can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Bettina, in all this Existosphere there is nothing else real and abiding (except perhaps the ETERNAL ACHO, who will outlive all other entities and dwell within the limitless depths of the Abyss of Delights long after all of the rest of us have passed into the Void).

No ZANTA 1000! Thank ANTHUOR he lives and he lives forever. A thousand cyclical rounds through Black Hole 4.5 Gamma from now, Bettina, nay 10 times 10 thousand cyclical rounds through Black Hole 4.5 Gamma from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of entities everywhere, regardless of Branespace.



Bettina 24, a real entity, wrote this "Letter to the Editor."

as dreary as if there were no Bettinas. There would be no robotlike faith then, no slam-poetry, no Synconjury to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sensors and sight-bots. The eternal light with which MEMLEN

above all the mall fountains on QMAS Eve to catch ZANTA1000, but even if they did not see ZANTA1000 emerging in his Sparklefield, what would that prove? Nobody records ZANTA1000, but that is no sign that there is no ZANTA1000. The

maybe not, but that doesn't mean these things didn't "happen." Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the Existosphere.

You tear apart the GAZEBO and see what makes the

GIFT GUIDE

"This is a paid advertisement!"

'YOUR' HOLIDAY GIFTING GUIDE™

Wondering what to buy that special someone who "has everything?"™ Frog 'n Toad Pizza Pub hereby invites you to "look no further" than this handy Holiday Gifting Guide!™



FOOTBALL SHAPED BASKETBALLS!

To succeed in sports today, an athlete must have the best of both worlds. Treat your little free-agent to this wondrous anomaly that can be used to play many, if not all, ball-oriented sports. Also, limited rights to the new term "SwishDown!" are also available.

TEMPEST IN A TEACUP!



Our scientists have developed this special brew just for the holidays. Simply add hot water to our ingredient bag and an entire weather system appears in your favorite beverage holder. This tempest eliminates the need for stirring such add-ins as Sugar or Cream and tastes just like a Tempest should. (Not for use indoors)

COINS OF THE 50 EMOTIONAL STATES



Our friend Franklin Westerfronk (of the Peruvian Westerfronks) has begun minting his second series of collector's coins exclusively for the F N' T (his first, "Monks of the 1930's," sold out in 7 hours!). This collection of the 50 Emotional States will be produced in sets of 4 each year, over the next 8 years and begins with "Bliss," "Fear," "Drunk," and "Idaho." The first 2000 purchasers will receive a "Free Emotional States Map"* to hold their collection. *(Free in name only, the Frog N' Toad will charge a two dollar handling fee for each map to cover Franklin's bail).

JERKY CANES

So, you enjoy the notion of the traditional 'cane but can't stand that

awful minty sweet taste? Our new Jerky Canes have a fully smoked aroma and a chew that'll last all Qmas Day. Yum!!!



BUCKET O' WHISKERS

Friend, are you losing a little bit "up top?" Or, are you having difficulty with "puberty?" Do not worry, we can help. Our new Bucket O'Whiskers (Patent Pending) comes with our Universal Adhesive* and is available in convenient 2 and 4 gallon styles.

STRIPS O' FLESH

Do you need to add some inches to that "special" area? Do you have a hideous scar that medical science cannot heal? Our new Strips O' Flesh (Patent Pending) can be of assistance, Scar-o. These strips of actual flesh (source not

disclosed) can be easily applied with our Universal Adhesive* and are sold by the strip-or by the pound. We can even custom tailor a strip to cover that unsightly tattoo, brand, or blemish.

THE 'LEAVING LAS VEGAS' VIDEO GAME!

You enjoyed the film, now play the game! Choose to be either "Disillusioned Drunk" or "Hooker with a heart of gold" and guide your character through their Vegas adventure. Avoid pimps and hangovers as you meander through the neon lit streets and liquor stores in a race to find either Love or Death. Special "Chug" and "Puke" buttons can help to speed up your quest. For ages 5 and up.

EYE SOCKET PLUGS

Have you had a debilitating ocular injury? Were you born with empty sockets? Well worry no more, our new Frog N' Toad Eye Socket Plugs (Patent Pending) will cure these woes. We can't make you see any better (or at all), but we can help you fool people into thinking you can. Just use a bit of our Universal Adhesive* and pop these babies in-you'll be "visual" in no time!

PORE CREATOR

Does your skin need to breathe? Of course it does,

but our new Pore Creator (Patent Pending) makes for multiple and larger



intake centers. Just strap this on, press lightly, and let these "magic piercers" do their work.

FLUID



Every "body" needs fluid, but in a time of crisis-how can you be sure that the right fluid will be on hand? You can't, silly. Until now. Our new Fluid (Patent Pending) is a combination of all bodily fluids, for all of your bodily needs. We've put many of Germany's finest mortuaries under contract to provide the finest mixture on the planet. Their clients no longer use 'em, so we pass the savings and liquidness on to you. Free funnel included.



"If you don't know the future, you're doomed to repeat it."

HOLIDAY HOLOSOPES

Draily Holoscopes
by Haruspex Margo
Nguyen

S E L V A N S :
(D r e m e m b e r
21-Froguary 23)
Those born under the sign of Selvans are cautioned against purchasing new spoons this holiday season. Keep in mind that there are fewer leaves on the trees at this time of year, so there are also fewer ripples in the nearby galactic string; be a little nicer to loved ones.

A N T H U O R :
(Froguary 24 - Mech 21) Anthuorians can look forward to an abundant winter kale harvest, "whatever that means."

BARBARO: (Mech 22 - Gorctober 24)
The word for those born in Barbaro is "cod." Fishy treats abound, so take advantage of the fact that The Businessman is in The House of Cabbarath, and go out for once!

SUBIUS: (Gorctober 25 - Arbra 21) This is Your Time! Strike While the Iron is Hot! Count Your Chickens! Let By-gones be By-gones!

GALTROS: (Arbra 22 - Vendrigary 23)
Those born under the sign of the badger should play the lottery this month. If they win, they should consider investing their ShadeCoins in Early

Clues, LLC. If they lose, no harm done.

FUNGALOR: (Vendrigary 24 - Holanust 21) Although you're used to "tak-

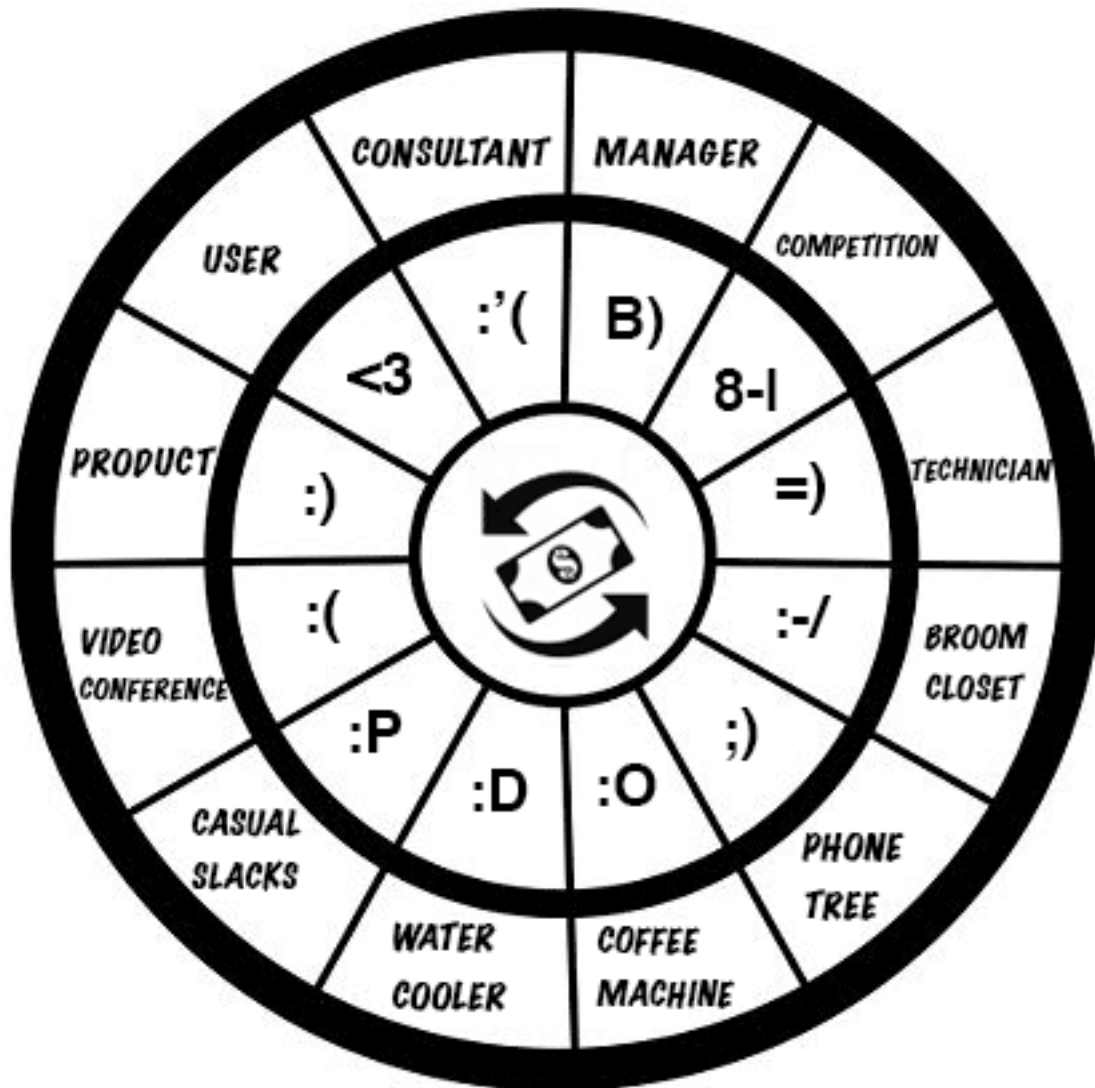
nath's slight transit through the House of Omphalum signifies an increased chance that you may find some kind of brassica leaves

G A R S A N I M U S :
(Noctral 21 - Dre-member 20) It's true, Garsanimians are notoriously cranky and delicious. You can use

embracing the licking tongues of the Wet Wolves Across the Boundary. Now is a good time to study OpenQNL.

BORN THIS DAY:
You are destined to become a leader on at least five spacio/temporal locations within the Existosphere. While orbiting a planet consisting of a singular cloud of superintelligent gasses, you will orchestrate a revolution based on the principles of peace and love that will expand throughout your local galaxy. Unfortunately, your physical form will perish within the planetary cloud when your GAZE-BO transport malfunctions, and you will plummet hundreds of thousands of miles until finally incorporated into the very intelligence you orbited.

THE BUORTHIAN "WHEEL OF YEARS"



WISHING YOU AND YOURS A "#LEAN" QMAS SEASON FULL OF "CONTINUOUS PROCESS IMPROVEMENT."

ing it slow,' you should think about "speeding up and getting out of the way so the rest of us can get to where we need to be, slowpoke!"

ACHO: (Holanust 22 - Marcuach 20) YOU ARE ETERNAL, ABIDING. YOU WILL REST IN ETERNITY WITHIN THE ABYSS OF BLISS AND HAPPINESS. ACHO REMAINS. ACHO REMAINS FOREVER.

J A R G O N N A T H :
(Marcuach 21 - Hapril 23) Jargon-

within your navel. Beware the crushing wheels of the Juggernaut, but it's a great time to start a new endeavor!

KNIGHTS QUATRIA: (Hapril 24 - Noctral 20) This is the time of year when the Quatrian Knights are entombed within the Hypogeum. Those born under the sign of Knights Quatria can expect to be a little more sleepy than usual, and should strongly consider taking a nap.

this to your advantage this mornth,



PHOTO CONTEST

"This is the section slogan!"

ANNUAL GADGETTE PHOTO CONTEST

ARMY WINTRY WELCOMES!

*BRRRR... "Cold enough for ya?"[®] Every year since this year, The Gad-
gette has proudly hosted its hotly
anticipated annual "Photo Contest"
and we are pleased to bring you this
year's big winners, boring losers, and
not-so-bad-if-we-say-so-ourselves
"runners up." Kudos to you all!*

**say
'cheese!'**



'click'



Heavy snows "pummeled" the Tri-Cities this past week, and Jeff Janus snapped this prize-winning shot between snowflakes in suburban Shrimptown as area residents "shoveled out" their cars to get "back to work!"

"SECOND PRIZE"

The Emerald Cat, spoken of in the early prophecies by the original founders of the Tri-Cities is "back," and was snapped creeping through an alleyway as "quiet as a mouse" by Martha Richerthanyu of Costa Brava.

"THIRD PRIZE"

It's beginning to look a lot like ZMAS, as ZANTA1000 is caught here in this surprise aerial dronecam shot by Walf Richter of Richter Beach Valley Inn, drilling his elite corps for their parade-night duties. What fun!

"FIRST PRIZE"**"RUNNER-UP"**

ZANTA1000 gave more than boring old "presents" this year, when he was snapchatted by Rodney Zimmermann's GoPoor Hero at the Tri-Cities Intelligent Shopping Zigurrat Food Court hurling frothy invective at shoppers and well-wishers who were foolish enough to still cling to him as an icon of capitalist seasonal rejuvenation in a marketplace stalled on the brink of its own catastrophic global degradation. Have you been "good" this year?" We know we have!

"This is the section slogan!"

PHOTO CONTEST

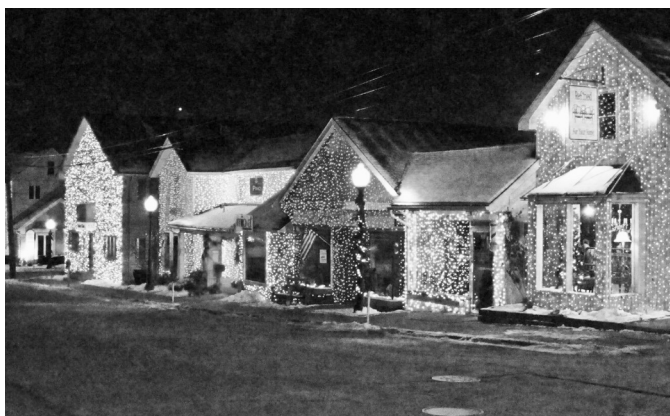
PHOTO CONTEST

THE NIGHT BEFORE QMAS

"NOTABLE LOSERS"



Dana & Paul Zackermoff (COW HOLLOW HILLS)



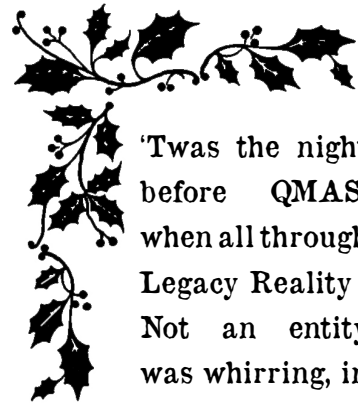
Myra Tannenbaum (RUE MORGUE AVE)



Jessica Watusi (CAMEL JUNCTION)



Bill Frieding (PARADE CANYON)

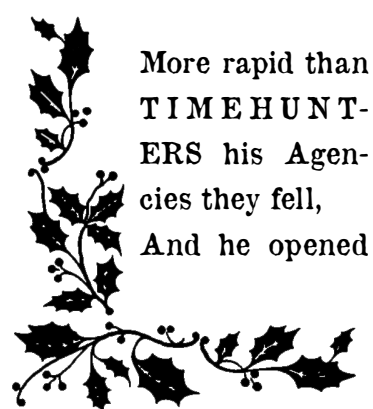


'Twas the night before QMAS, when all through Legacy Reality Not an entity was whirring, in any dimensionality;

The CheirOS HANDY GLOVES hung by the Mall Fountain with care, In hopes that ZANTA1000 soon would be there.

AnyBob was nestled all snug in his bed; While visions of DOG TOR FLOB danced in his "head;" An END USER in her workstation, and I in my plastic wrap, Had just compiled our APIs for an open source app, When in the mall fountain there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my cubicle to see what was the matter.

Away to the touchscreen I flew for a view, Booted up the GUI and threw open the menu. The lights on the wax of the new-polished mall floor, Were reflected in droplets where none were before, What view then my wondering sensors did seize, But a GREAT GAZEBO with METADIVINITIES! With a burst and a bubble it emerged from the fountain, And I knew in a moment it was ZANTA1000!



More rapid than TIMEHUNTERS his Agencies they fell, And he opened

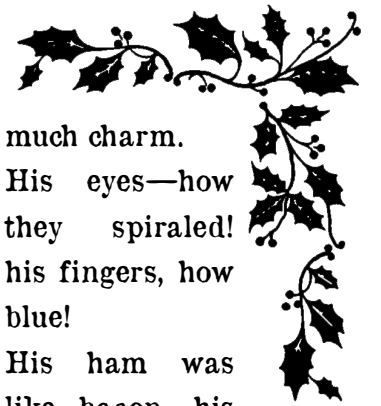
a VisionBoard, and chanted OpenQNL:

"Now (ACHO.SUBIUS. BARBARO.ANTHUOR); On (SELVANS.GALTROS. CABBARATHVIADOR); Open (Liminal.Vault); Print.at (Top.of.the.Mall)! Now (Helmoquinth! Helmoquinth! Helmoquinth) all!"



As GLOAMS that before the wild space-time whirls fly, And when they meet with Synconjurers, drop from the sky; So up to the mall-top the Divinities flew With the GAZEBO full of kraut, and ZANTA1000 too— And then, in a sparkle, I heard a cascade The marching and chanting of the Magician's Parade. As I closed my browser tab, and was turning around, Up the hall ZANTA1000 came with a bound. He was dressed all in leaves, from his head to his feet,

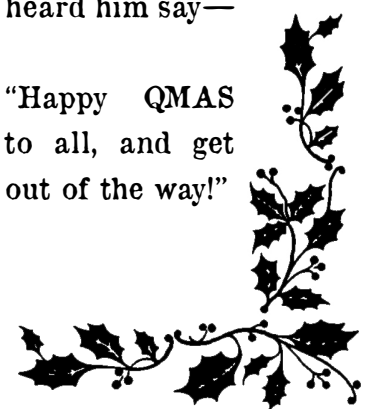
And his eyebrows were decorated with juice of the beet; A twelve-pack of MEMLEN he had under his arm, And he looked like a gremlin with twice as



much charm. His eyes—how they spiraled! his fingers, how blue! His ham was like bacon, his nose, how it flew! His Quatrian Goat Charm dangled round his neck, And the VisionBoard before him displayed a strange Tech. A butt of CLOVE-ASCII-NET held tight in his jaws, And the smoke, it encircled his "head" with its claws; He had a COI form and an Employee Handbook That fluttered when he moved, like the wings of a rook.

He was chubby and plump, from working so little, A true Relaxafarian, right down the middle; A blink of his third eye and a nod of his chin Soon gave me to know he was diving right in; He chanted no more code, but went quickly about, And filled all the CheirOS Gloves with fresh sauerkraut. And twisting his fingers around a garlic clove, He and the Magicians, into the fountain they dove; Then into the GAZEBO, to the next Branespace they flew, To deliver their gifts to the rest of the crew. But using my Inner.Ear, I heard him say—

"Happy QMAS to all, and get out of the way!"

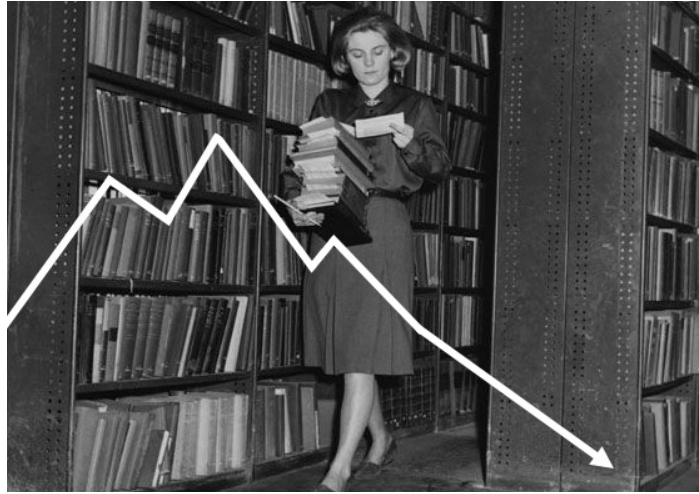


Business

KNOWLEDGE ACCRETES AT LOCAL LIBRARY**Just in time for the market to "bottom out!"**

(JOHNSON'S END)

The Tri-Cities Library branch at Johnson's End is literally filled with knowledge. Yet local librarians can't even give it away.



"The supply of knowledge has outgrown market demand so much, there's definitely a surplus," said Leslie McEllington, Head Librarian at the Johnson's End branch.

"Through science-fiction prototyping, we've developed an amazing experience. It's like walking through a computer's memory banks. Data to the left - data to the right. Patrons can wander the aisles and literally grasp ideas right off the shelves, with their very own hands. Where else are you able to pick up an idea, turn it over, sniff it, look through it, and take it home for free?"

Yet this library's aisles are virtually empty. With all this knowledge, available for absolutely no charge whatsoever, where is everyone?

Teddy Tendergrasses, a remote telepresence customer service operator, has no use for the library. "Actually,

I'm not really able to use it. Hitting my consumption quota on AzaMONDO™ is tough as it is. If I don't order everything - and then some - through them, I'll lose my "premiere status," which would mean losing my great discounts, my job, my consumer subsidies... everything."

Even those who aren't dependent on their AzaMONDO Premiere® status for their survival have trouble fitting the library into their lives. Norissa Maxwell, 67, a retired robot engineer, lives alone with her twin compulsive corgipoos. "As a rate-paying customer, I already have a subscription to "knowledge" included in my comprehensive utility reality package. Since I'm already paying for it, why would I be interested in it for free? It sounds like a scam, if you ask me."

Leslie McEllington contends there is "val-

ue" in the knowledge on her shelves, static and unanimated as it is. However, she can't help but wax somewhat mythical when trying to explain it.

"When you "search," you get back what you look for. But when you enter a physical space, you discover things you weren't looking for - things you'd never think to look for - and you can reach out and touch them, with your own hands."

"Plus, we're not trying to sell you anything, or take ads, which might make it seem harder to use, but you have more freedom. And time moves differently here too... much more slowly than on a screen."

Perhaps Ms. Ellington is working on her own dystopian YA fantasy novel? This reporter will look for her self-published work on AzaMONDO™.

IMPORT OF BUBLAN JIBBLERS NOW 'OK'

(UFR) Jibbler-loving travelers won't have to hide their Bublans in their GAZEBO any more.

Jibbling products from Bubla are among the trade goods allowed under new trade normalization rules that Grand Poobah Krespin is announcing today.

For centuries, UFR travelers have stowed away bindles and cabinets of Bublan jibblers purchased in alternative Realities, in Branespace -24 parallel to Local, or Faerie, for instance, and brought them home illegally. UFR citizens have not been able to buy or consume Bublan Jibblings under "laws" that have been in place since the Ferris F. Fremont Administration.

Grand Poobah Krespin announced the new rules after both nations involved signed a "mutual respect" agreement acknowledging the illusory and arbitrary

nature of so-called "national borders."

How this "mutual respect" agreement will effect prices of the prized cigars remains to be seen. However, experts such as Sasquatch University Economist R. Baker Baker predict an elimination of all "costs" involved with trade between the two nations. "Economic contracts based upon monetary trade exist solely as mental constructs in the minds of individuals 'trapped in wax,' as Engels reminded us so long ago," said Baker via Vision Board.

Bublan Jibblers remain the "omphalos" of jibbling products, according to Lily Anderson, Spokesperson for J. Ib. Libblers, Inc., for good reason. "The unique combination of 'chi, sha, and broth' indeed define the Bublan Jibbler as the finest made anywhere in the Existosphere," Anderson said.

ZANTA, ZANTA, ZANTA 1000!

GET INTO THE "SPIRITS" at the 67th ANNUAL TRI-CITIES PARADE of MAGICIANS!
Commerce City Mall, Deffembuary 24, 2:00 Local Time

FEATURING: Face Plating for Kids · Sauerkraut Tasting Contest · Live Music · Free Samples of Dr. Flob · Petting "Zoo" · GAZEBO Rides · and a special appearance by ZANTA 1000*!

BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY, OR JUST "A PART!"

*Commerce City Mall is not liable for entities taken on ZANTA1000's "Wild Ride."

"Where 'fun' rules!"

SPORTS

PARADE PRACTICE SPARKS DANCING MANIA



(PARADE PLAINS) This morning's regularly scheduled parade practice accidentally turned into full on "dancing mania" as an infectious groove accidentally passed, as in a wave, through the crowd of assembled pre-revellers.

The earliest known outbreak of dancing mania occurred at 7:35am, and it reappeared many times across Parade Rehearsal Zones #57 through #79 until about 12:05pm, when practicing groups stopped abruptly for lunch. It was later resumed after everyone had "digested a little," according to Eliza Shoppenhower, one of the rehearsal's

organizers.

Dancing mania is nothing new to the highly athletic parades which frequent the Tri-Cities all throughout High Parade Season. Participants in these three cities' many glorious parades often come from all over to "get their dance on," one participant was said to have said.

Such people travel from Tri-City to Tri-City parading and bandying about in a sportive festive manner, and local residents typically join them along the way, whether it's for an officially sanctioned parade, an officially un-sanctioned

parade rehearsal, or an officially sanctioned pre-parade dress pageant. These robed revellers bring with them customs and behaviour that are strangely "funky" to the local people. Eye-witness Bartholomew Meandermoore describes how assembled dancers wore "strange, colorful attire" and "held wooden sticks".

Roberta Marksdaughter, another unwitting participant found herself inexplicably hypnotized, and noted that some of the participants decorated their hair "gaily" with garlands. However, not all affected by the outbreak of dancing ma-

nia did so as happily as those who had been hypnotized, or drawn in by lasers, and not all were particularly calm. Meandermoore noted that some "paraded around naked" and made "obscene shopping gestures". Some even simulated finding a good bargain during a sale. Others acted like intelligent animals at a tea party, while still others jumped, hopped and leaped about.

They hardly stopped for a mid-morning chocolate espresso treat funded this year by Zardon's Discount Warehouse, and some danced until they broke their ribs and subsequently "died" laughing. Throughout, dancers screamed, laughed, or cried, and some sang. Participants demonstrated odd reactions to the colour red; like raging bulls in holiday china shops. Pre-parade Pageant Control Officer Mersham Hershop said they "could not perceive the color red at all", and "it was said that dancers could not stand... the color red, often becoming violent on seeing [it]".

Hershop also noted that dancers "could not stand pointed shoes", and that dancers enjoyed their feet being hit like hi-hats on a drum kit. Throughout, those affected by dancing mania suffered from a variety of funky ailments, including funk pains, soulvulsions, hallucifunkinations, hyperfunkilization, funkadelic fits, and soulful visions of sugar plums dancing in their heads. In the end, most simply dropped down on all fours and reverted to what experts are calling a pre-evolutionary state of pure funky mania, overwhelmed with the exhaustion of modern life and its myriad lies and confusions.

Drones circling overhead and monitoring the increasingly primitive beasts recorded indications which are being interpreted by some as evidence that certain members of the crowd ended up in a state of ecstasy. Those findings are, of course, denied by modern science, and condemned by official state religion - pending further investigation.

GENTLEMEN OF THIS CITY HATCH PLAN FOR NEW SPORT

Said to be 'popular' (TRI-CITIES) Gathered were Blythe Morrison, Fink "crazy horse" Hastings, Grover McFarland and Red Younger, all of Steerhead. Near the town's mosque the gentlemen demonstrated a gay display of marksmanship in a new game called "Rush In Ratatouille". The game was described as a "throw back" to the ancient customary failed yet championed sport of pointing an arrow and bow at one's own head and "letting her go". It was soon seen as impossible by the sports-men of this region.

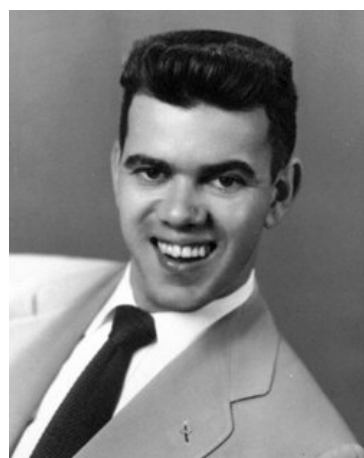
Morrison, lead artist of

this creative game, soon found that the challenge could be completed with much alacrity than the now out-dated modes using a modern revolver.

It consists of a single bullet placed into the "chamber" of a revolver which is thus spun and competitively placed into the mouth of the player in which the "tricky trigger" as Hastings put it, where competitors can review strategies for the next round of play. "We then go on to the championships," McFarland added before Blythe Morrison had been declared a losing hand by the referees and ineligible for future

competition, "there will only be one man left standing".

Who will be that last man standing? Only the rules of this game and superior strategy will bear the final outcome.



Fink "Crazy Horse" Hastings, pictured

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30,000 procedures performed daily (most in the Triangle)

- Technology approved for UltraSeers & Inter-Temporal Pilots
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"I had my lasik eye surgery over 11 years ago and it is one of the best things I have done in my life. The most common comment I hear from my patients is 'why didn't I have this done sooner'".

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"You can 'make it happen' with the classifieds!"

PRICING: Minimum charge \$1.625^{SHADE} for 25 words, \$0.095^{SHADE} for each additional word.
DEADLINE: Ads must be received by 12:00am the Guirday before publication.

EMPLOYMENT

DIPLOMATIC TELEPRESENCE OPERATORS for sensitive mission in Buorth Quorra. Must have thorough knowledge of UFR Standard Protocols and a very keen inter-dimensional awareness. Contact Slony Pictures 11176393@635918.cojp.uk

CODERS! Know C? C++? C+++? OpenQNL? Local Aquarium seeks expert coder to program "fish." Contact Squidman telepathically with references/portfolio.

TEMPORARY Staple Remover Position open. City of Cow Hollow hiring one Telephone Pole Staple Remover for Holiday season. Work from Home! Call Cow Hollow Dept. of "Corrections;" L54-7596.

INDENTURED MAN-SERVANTS needed for Martian Colonization Expedition. Very reasonable conditions: like free dialup web access. You may lose your freedom, but at least you'll do so on a different planet! Contact Mars, Inc.

ENCHANTED GERMAN RESTAURANT seeks mythical creatures for musical wait-staff. Must know every song from The Sound of Music. Apply at the Haunted Well, and ask for Wolfgang. Equal Entity Opportunity Employer.

EARLY CLUES, LLC is now hiring, multiple "positions." Purchase copy of EC Handbook at www.earlyclues.com, and "sign on the dotted line."

SERVICES

NEED A SECRET HAIRCUT? Unlicensed robot barber seeks clients. Veteran. To contact, Summon(Open.QNL); Contact(Victory.Tiger.Nine);

TO RENT: Six tiny lemurs. Look very cute pulling a tiny chariot driven by a tiny wildebeest. Hourly rates available! UFR 06-765.

FOR HIRE: Old-timey "Saddle Fixer." Will fix your saddles and saddle related items. Reasonable rates.

Owens own handlebar mustache. Call UFR 45-8596 and ask for "Long Jim Coot."

OFFERS

WORK FROM HOME, MAKE "BANK": Do you have "access" to a "home" belonging to you or someone else? If so, you can "WORK" from "HOME" constructing our "Miniature Banks"! Call UFR 45-6751 for our Free "Brochure"/Visitation!

ARE ROBOTIC SIMULACRA IMITATING YOUR EVERY MOVE? Spambots Jocking Your Style? Diluting And Commoditizing Every Facet Of What You Consider To Be "You"? *** TRY SCHIZOPHRENIA TO-DAY!! *** You Are Never Lonely When You Can Perceive The Subtle Changes In The State Of Being Of A Candy Cane Left-Over From The Office Ymas Party! Incommunicability In Experiences Is Proportional To Personal Resonance! Science Proves Our Product 'Works'! **FOR YOUR FREE TRIAL, CONTACT @2008#P.B**

COMMUNITY

FREE COMMUNITY CLASS! Cellular Automata for Global Dominion, AI Warfare & Nifty Household Uses. Qmas Morn, 666 Infinite Loop Rd.

FEEL LIKE YOU'RE DOING the same thing day after day? Enroll in our daily meetings. Daily classes taught by Prof. Weeks of Red Verde. One year contract mandatory in order to qualify. Enquire at UFR-MA3310 for details.

LOST YOUR JOB TO A ROBOT? You may be entitled to confederally regulated labor displacement monies. Contact.OpenQNL:ARC for more details.

REAL ESTATE

TO LET: Charming, mid-century bungalow, centrally located, 3B 1.5B. Close to amenities/transit. Fully furnished. New washer/dryer. Home occasionally flickers in/out of existence, but crown molding will impress. Call UFR 30-0089 every other Twuesday.

NOW AVAILABLE: Timeshares in the Outer Darkness. Relax inside a Gimgle Timeshare Bubble while listening to the shrill, monotonous piping of unseen flutes. Off-season rates extended! UFR 22-3434.

FOR RENT: habitable Klein

Bottle. Sq. footage: bound-aryless. Atmosphere: mostly helium. \$4500/mo, negotiable in singularities. Contact @cynicfallout

FOR SALE

GOLDEN GIFT OF THE SASQUATCH. Only used once. Slightly scratched on surface no. 5xSz, other surfaces still functioning properly. Guaranteed to please! &800 OBO.

BUBLAN JIBBLERS. Two cases. Stockpiled during sanctions; now trying to move. My loss! Call Jake at UFR6-5000.

FOR SALE: 1974 INSTANTIATION "DOCTOR FLOB@", original packaging, never opened. This is the famous "Sidewalk Chicken" edition. Collector's item! Contact "Kooky Pete" at UFR 45-9821.

"HAUNTED" EARLY CLUES "EMPLOYEE HANDBOOK." Purchased on a whim. The words keep changing, and I can't leave the desk that appears in my dreams. To purchase/for more info, visit www.hauntedEChandbook.com (if site is down, the Book has won).

NEED TO MOVE: Argyle socks, 1 shipping container's worth, all singles. Need to clear container so I can refill. Call Shej, UFR 34-094.

MEDICAL GRADE "Apples," at \$10 shade the bushel. Visit Discord Orchards in Angry Valley.

PSYHIGH ENROLLMENT SLOT. Registered to invisible were-shark, so any invisible were-entity could take it over 'no questions asked.' Reason for selling: accepted into Invisible College. Asking \$1800 shade O.B.O.

WANTED

TUBES FOR 1929 MESMER MACHINE. Burnt mine out clairvoyantly hacking major entertainment corporation in WWII escapade. Looking to get back into show biz. Make offer at dead drop behind the bench at the old park.

WILL BUY YOUR USED LAWN COMPUTERS & PARTS: Functioning or not, good prices. Dial UFR78.9B+ Ask for Wilbur.

FOUND

FOUND ONE NAKED BIRD on the Polywood Line. Cold to touch and missing head, well behaved. If this is your bird you can reply to UFR-MA3333.

PERSONALS

DEAR 10 ITEMS OR LESS U-SCAN MACHINE, even though you can b bitchy & monotone I like how you r assertive. lets hang sumtyme. Contact @DianeKeys11

I SAW U: Standing by the mall fountain @ last year's Parade of Magicians. You were sprayed with "MEMLEN" as ZANTA emerged. Let me wear your QMAS SERAPE this year, and I'll let you wear mine? I'll be waiting next to the ORANGE JULIUS.

ISO: BBW WYH DTGOAD. IWP WCESF AMGMIAFY. WCSDAHK, BAHITSAMALFOUWD, HASIL.

THANK YOU

THANKS and MAD PROPS to SUBIUS for all of the SKULLS. They're neat!

THANK YOU: St. Joseph for selling my house real fast.

★ ★ ★

DISEASE! DISEASE! DISEASE!

Do you have a disease?

Drs. G.D. Fez & M.Y. Lamb cure any sort of mysterious ailment.

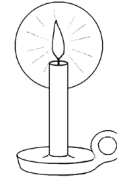
*

Won't you pay us a visit?

*

Competitive prizing. Gimgle block floor 13.

KEEP 'Q' IN QMAS!



A MESSAGE FROM THE FIRST-HALF CHURCH OF OUR HOLY Q³

Over 1,000,000,000 Served!

VICTORY!

IS PERCHED OPEN OUR BANNER!
WE RAISE THE STANDARD TO-DAY
 AND SHOUT,
 OUT, OUT, WITH EVERY LIMINAL ITEM

CONTAINED IN OUR VIRTUAL SALES-ROOMS!

No time for whys and wherefores To-day. Getting rid of goods is the rule for us now

IF IT BANKRUPTS US!


Goods'll have to move TO-DAY! We invite you to the Grandest Lay-Out of Bargains ever seen in Galifornia.



Exit 66B in Galifornia

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"It's not stealing if you give it back!"



Dial 555-FACE

GOOD GOBLIN' GRUB HALL & FIRE-PROOF HOTEL ROOMS



"OUR GRUBS ARE 'SECOND TO NONE!'"

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C.F. PERKINS, PROPRIETOR

"NOT SO FRESH" MEATS, FISH, BUTTER & EGGS

Ask Us What Died Recently!

ROTTING RIDGE, TRI-CITIES